

# THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We are Ambassadors for Christ... Be ye reconciled O God.

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## The Christian Ambassador.

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Original.

### THE COLLEGE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Not being a subscriber to your valuable Messenger, I did not happen to see the number of the 8th ult., containing the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Convention of Universalists, which met on the 7th inst. at Easton, until some considerable time afterwards, when it was handed to me by a friend. Having received an appointment from the Lake Erie Association, as a delegate to that Convention, and being unavoidably prevented from attendance upon it, I ask the liberty, even at this late period, to express, through the same channel as that in which the proceedings were published, a few brief remarks upon one or two of the resolutions adopted by that Convention, the substance of what I would probably have urged, had I enjoyed the pleasure of being present at its deliberations. The resolutions to which I refer, are those under number 11 of the published proceedings, and read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the addition of another Sectarian College, in which words instead of things, and musty subtleties rather than reason and science, are taught, would only increase the number of starving institutions upon our land to cry continually 'Give, give,' with horse-leech voracity, while it would not add materially to the practical knowledge and usefulness of its graduates, the literary reputation of our country, the influence and respectability of our denomination, or the increase of real universalism in the minds, hearts and lives of the people.

*Resolved*, That we should especially deprecate the existence of a 'denominational College' with a view to the establishment of a Theological Professorship for the set mouldings of the Universalist Ministry. That in our best judgment, the general history of the result of Theological Seminaries, has been that of an inefficient and pedantic ministry, and of an artificial and sectarian theology."

My first objection to these resolutions is, their want of point and definiteness and subject of application—that they are too much in the nature of vague abstractions. What do they refer? It may well be doubted whether there is any institution in this country entirely warranting the degraded description given in the first resolution, as a new "sectarian college in which words instead of things, &c., are taught." That most of our public institutions of learning are subject to the objection of being exclusively sectarian in character—characterized by many imperfections and defects in their conduct and management, and deplorably lacking in proper teachings and discipline, may be to a great extent true; but with all these impediments and objections, with which many of them are justly chargeable, and I much doubt whether any one could be pointed out and named, which, on a full and candid investigation, would not be found to have produced upon the whole more good than evil; to have "added materially to the practical knowledge and usefulness," and to have reflected at least more of cred-

it than reproach upon its founders, supporters and contributors. The resolution speaks of "the addition of another" such college, as the subject of disapprobation. To what does this refer? Had any proposition been made to establish such an institution as described, and to which the condemnation expressed could apply? It was well known, I presume, throughout the whole denomination, that for some years past, an effort had been made by some of its most prominent, useful and respectable members to establish a college at Clinton, in the State of New York, to be placed mainly under the control of the Universalist denomination, and to be identified with its interests; and the question of obtaining aid and means to forward its progress had been earnestly agitated, and advocated through all our denominational newspapers. Is it this enterprise which is intended to be condemned and reproached by their resolutions? If so, why not meet the question fairly? Why not treat the subject with at least the dignity and respect, to name in plain and decided terms the object of reprobation and the reason for such condemnation, and not leave it as a matter of inference to be drawn from a dark hint, wrapped in doubtful insinuation? Why not give the friends and advocates of the enterprise an opportunity of meeting and discussing its merits and proposed advantages? If these resolutions are to be understood as expressing condemnation of the effort to establish a college at Clinton, as before suggested, I am not only opposed to the manner of their introduction, but also to their purpose and object; and had I been present, should have felt it my duty to express in the strongest terms of which I was capable, my decided dissent to their adoption.

The condemnation expressed in the resolutions rests not upon the locality of the establishment—upon any expressed apprehension of the want of means for success or its mal-administration, nor upon any minor points of objection; but strikes at the root, and must be understood as expressing a general, broad and unqualified disapprobation of the effort to establish or encourage any public literary institution, on whatever principles or plan it may be organized, and especially deprecating the existence of such, connected with a Theological Professorship. Is it thus to be announced to the world, that the Universalist denomination of Christians, confessedly one of the most liberal, and justly claiming to be one of the most enlightened throughout all Christendom, in its assembled, representative and deliberative capacity, is to assume the responsible, I had almost said reproachful attitude of hostility to one of the most efficient means of liberal education and culture? It seems to me there is no room to escape the conclusion, if their resolutions are to be taken as the exponent of the denominational sentiment. They propose no substitute, no amendment, no improvement—nothing save naked, unqualified opposition. I deeply grieve to be forced to this conclusion as to the meaning and construction of these resolutions, (still hoping I may possibly be mistaken,) and with this view of them, in all kindness and respect for the opinions and feelings of those who adopted them, shall offer a very few further remarks.

It strikes me with exceeding clearness, that of all Christian denominations, the Universalist is the very last whose policy, justice to its own principles, and self-respect, dictate a course of hostility to any of the means of promoting a liberal, free and enlarged cultivation of science and development of human intellect. Every new discovery in science—the widest range of philoso-



phical truth—the most critical examination of ancient history and classical literature—the deepest and profoundest researches into the events of nature as traced in causes and effects—the most unbounded investigations of the works of creation, and the freest exercise of reason, conscience and the moral powers and affections of men, are all consistent and congenial with and convincingly confirmatory of the great, simple, elementary and central truths of Revelation as embraced in the sublime, and purifying faith in the universal paternity of God—the original dignity, purity and power of the human soul—the native unbroken brotherhood of all mankind—the final triumph of good over all evil, and consequent restoration of all human intelligences “without a wanderer lost,” to immortal virtue and happiness. With most other denominations the case is widely in contrast. Every step in science—every development of simple truth in nature, and every advance in the progress of intellectual improvement, disturbs and uproots some darling dogma, or defaces the magic charm of some time-honored ritual, claiming its succession in direct line from the dark ages of the gloomy past. The genial rays of light and truth are constantly threatening to penetrate the crust of a contracted creed in which the human soul was long encased and crushed—to warm it into living action, and teach it to burst and break its shell and seek its native enjoyment in the free air and free light of heaven. The free cultivation of the natural powers of mind, the lights of science and historical and practical truths, are at constant war with the artificial creeds and systems of men, whether wrapped in the imposing venerated mysteries and ceremonies of popery or episcopacy, interwoven with the revolting dogmas of Calvinism, or overlaid with the more plausible absurdities of Arminianism. That any of them should seek to denounce and degrade an institution having for its object the promotion of general science and the cultivation of reason and the natural faculties, would not be a matter of serious surprise; but that the believers and advocates of a system in harmony with their lights, and deriving from them constant aid and confirmation, should discourage and even denounce such an institution, is more than I can comprehend.

Will it be said, that public institutions of education have produced pedants and mere copyists of others? May not the same be said of common schools and smaller institutions of the same character? Will it be said that bad habits are sometimes acquired at colleges? This may be admitted, without at all yielding the question. Idle habits, dissipation and improprieties are acquired often at common schools, in workshops, and even on farms, and are we therefore to abolish or repress all of these? This would not be pretended. It is true in the physical as in the moral world, that the most powerful instrumentalities for good sometimes produce great evils, but does that furnish an argument against their use? I think not. It furnishes a good reason for caution and an effort to improve and direct them in proper channels in order to render them the most subservient to good, but not for their annihilation. The failure of many of our public seminaries to effect all the good that might have been expected, may be found, I doubt not, in other causes than in the nature of these institutions themselves. The circumstance already alluded to of the connection of such institutions with irrational and unintelligible systems of theology, the products of a darker age forced upon them, and at war with philosophical truth and progressive improvements, has no doubt produced its evil fruits in the confusion and discouragement of many minds and repressing their full and free development; in the skepticism of some on the one hand, and in the superstition and bigotry of some on the other, in proportion to the susceptibilities of varying minds and constitutions for the reception of doctrines and teachings coming from two jarring systems at the same time. The evils arising from this

source could have no existence in an institution under the control of Universalists, while true to their avowed principles.

There is often, no doubt, a mutual mistake of professor and student, in regarding a college rather as an end than a mere means of useful information and instruction. That if a certain amount of instruction is given and received, a certain course gone through, a great end is obtained—an education accomplished. This is doubtless a great error and productive of much evil, but apprehend, by no means an incorrigible one; but the contrary, one of easy correction, and without much difficulty in avoiding. If each professor and each preceptor should make it a cardinal point, a first lesson to impress upon the mind of his student, that the institution, with all its volumes of books containing the thoughts and reflections, the mental labors of the wise, good and great of different ages and countries, upon the various subjects of human investigation—its apparatus—its organization, rules, discipline, &c., all constitute but a means, a convenience, an aid to the development of his own mind—a help in his advancement in the sea of philosophical and moral truth, by affording him the opportunity of understanding, the thoughts of others and thus adding strength to his own; that they can create thought for him, but can only unfold, increase and strengthen his native powers and enable him to reach the highest point of attainment—with due care in the particular, could not the “set moulding” deprecated in the last of the resolutions, be avoided?

With an institution sufficiently, not richly endowed suitably located, under the government of men eminent for talents, moral worth and virtuous character, high literary attainments, and ripened experience, encouraged not only by the good wishes and lively interest manifested in its success by the reflecting and respectable portions of society, but by their liberal contributions for its wants—association of a large number of young men from different portions of the country, prompted to a lively zeal and thirst for knowledge and excellence encouraged and aided by the example, extensive and varied thought and profound teaching of its professors and directors, left free and untrammelled by the fetters of sectarian proscription in the pursuit of knowledge, truth and virtue, I am quite satisfied a new and powerful healthy and happy influence would be exerted, and a noble impulse communicated to the range of thought, and a high, pure and elevated education not only throughout the denomination, but the entire community, prevailed. Let it once be understood that an institution thus founded and conducted upon great, broad and liberal principles, where not “words instead of things are taught” but where minds are led to perceive their own worth and dignity, and furnished with food and resources for once their diligent researches and true and divine enjoyment—where a new and enlarged spirit of inquiry and advancement is infused and cultivated—where a superior moral example, an example of kindness and charity resting upon the great principle of the universal brotherhood, is constantly and practically presented—where the rocks, shoals and quicksands upon which other similar institutions have stranded, are foreseen and guarded against—I say, let it be once understood that such an institution is prospering in our midst, and men of exalted genius and literary taste will gather around it—the liberal, the truly great and good of all denominations will respect and foster it—the lovers of intellectual freedom, truth and virtue everywhere will admire and cherish it, and a pure and heavenly influence go abroad from it, which will “add materially to practical knowledge and usefulness, the literary reputation of our country, the influence and respectability of our denomination, in the increase of real Universalism in the minds, hearts and lives of the people.”

That colleges and universities have been seized upon by sectarians more with a view of moulding the public



mind to their peculiar religious views, and establishing along with the elements of science the peculiar dogmas of their narrow creeds, however uncongenial and discordant with reason and truth, and more for the purpose of obtaining power and influence by shackling and enslaving the mind, than the truly benevolent one of disseminating a higher and brighter knowledge and a deeper and purer happiness, has long been a subject of deep complaint, and felt as an evil of no ordinary magnitude. Parents of liberal caste and cultivated and enlightened views could not find public schools in which their children could be instructed in learning and possess extended means of acquiring an education, but under the disadvantage of exposing them to the risk at the same time of imbibing some slavish sectarian dogma. To avoid this, some had suggested and adopted the policy of excluding from all participation in the government, tuition or visitation of such institutions, the clergy and professors of every name or denomination. Of these, the most noted instance is perhaps that of Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia. In some instances restrictions had been proposed to professors, giving the strongest assurances of freedom from sectarian influences in the management and government of students placed under their charge; but either through inadvertence, unconsciousness or design, such assurances were most generally violated, or the pupils were left under a no less evil, without any religious or moral instruction or influence at all. Under a sense of these evils and such as necessarily grow out of this state of things, no doubt, our friends at the Pennsylvania Convention were induced to adopt the resolutions above quoted, which would seem to admit of no other construction than the expression of condemnation of every means of public education whatever, and with them opposition to education itself—probably not intending to be understood to the extent that their language imports. Does not wisdom, justice to the cause of truth and self-respect dictate, a widely different course of policy—that of improvement, amendment, substitution, rather than opposition, destruction? An evil of a similar character to that mentioned, perhaps deeper in magnitude in its ultimate consequences, existed some years since on a kindred subject, the Sunday School, which had been the simple device of some humble benevolent individual. It was also seized upon and appropriated by sectarians to themselves, and put in active and extensive operation as an effectual means of establishing their peculiar tenets, and instilling them into the young and tender mind, and thus training it to their own will. The pernicious tendency of this was soon perceived; and while some presented direct opposition and condemnation to the whole scheme and denounced it without effect, others urged its adoption, with such modification as should convert it into a means of useful and enlightening instruction. The latter course is now generally adopted and has been quite successful.

In analogy to this latter course in relation to the Sundry School, and perhaps suggested by it, as I understand, is the proposed establishment of the College at Clinton, which has been urged upon the denomination and the liberal public, as a measure of reform of existing evils in the great department of education—a middle course, promising all the advantages and countless benefits of an extended, enlarged and well arranged means of public education, free from the evils complained of and objections so frequently, generally and perhaps justly made—an institution which shall be kept free from all sectarian dogmas and absurdities on the one hand, and infidelity, destitution of all religion or powerful superstitious veneration for it as a thing not to be touched on the other—whose energies shall be directed, not so much to build up a sect as to send out great truths to the world—where the broad principles of Christian ethics and moral truth and virtue shall form a part of its teachings in every department within, and furnish a guide to the lives of preceptors and pupils

without—where theology, should a department be devoted to its study, shall, like all other subjects, be submitted to free inquiry, and investigation of reason and scripture, with the extended aids which such an establishment could afford, and not enforced with priestly dictation and venerated with superstitious awe as having no connection with the concerns of every day life.

That such an institution is worthy of the laudable, benevolent and vigorous efforts exerted in its behalf, will confer rich blessings and lasting benefits upon our common country, and stand as a living monument to the memory of those engaged in its establishment in time to come, I entertain the fullest assurance; and if we, in Pennsylvania, lack the ability to furnish more substantial means towards its advancement, a regard to the interests of education, the great principles of free inquiry and a pure and righteous cause, call upon us at least to encourage by our warmest wishes and most fervent prayers for its success and prosperity. But we can and should do more—much more. I am satisfied we can contribute much of a more substantial character than mere good wishes towards it. Let us esteem it as much our own as if located in the city of Philadelphia, or elsewhere within our own State, disregard imaginary geographical lines—unite our efforts with those exerted further east of us, and concentrate our whole denominational energies upon it as a work of the first magnitude to the cause, and an important desideratum in the literary world will be supplied—a great end accomplished—a mighty achievement effected, and a rich benefaction conferred upon ourselves and our latest posterity.

[JOHN GALBRAITH.

*Erie, Pa., Aug. 24, 1848.*

Being appointed associate delegate to the State Convention with Br. Galbraith, and being like him unavoidably prevented from attending the session of that body, yet heartily sympathizing and concurring with the sentiments he has above expressed in relation to a denominational college, I cheerfully subscribe to all he has said on the subject.

A. G. LAWRIE.

#### SUNSET.

Far in the west the glorious sun sinks down in silence. The clouds, glowing with the native hues of Heaven, cluster around its path. His career of glory is ended, but no shout, no tumult is heard, no requiem sounds on the evening air. Silence holds its wide domain as the King of day retires. Shade after shade waves down from the arched heavens, and twilight throws its dusky mantle over the land.

Such the hour, and such the scene that fills the mind with solemnity and awe, opening the fountains of deep and burning thoughts. Then the remembrance of man's mortality rushes upon him. Then the past, never to be recalled, floats upon his memory. Then the dark, the untried future calls forth his bright hopes or gloomy fears. Now he gazes on the beauty of the scene, the vaulted Heavens, the shady wood, and the towering mountain, comparing its loveliness and beauty with his own sinful soul. Now memory rushes home laden with the relics of the past; youth, with all its famed associations, friendships, and friends departed, and hours of festive glee or pining sorrow. He resolves within himself that he will amend, that his future days shall be holier; but, to deepen his sorrow, memory points to his paths paved with broken resolutions and strewn with the ruin of solemn vows.

#### GOING TO CHURCH.

A stage coach wit, who had something to say on all occasions and to all people, seeing a little yellow headed cowboy leaning against a tree by the road side, while the bells were ringing for church, called out, "what are you waiting there for you young dog. Why don't you go to church?"

"I was waiting for the stage, sir, to show the passengers the way. Guess ye'd better stop!" said the boy with a grin.

It is for young men to gather knowledge, old men to use it, and assure yourself that no man gives a fairer account of his time, than he that makes it his duty to make himself better.



Original.

## CHRISTIAN JOY IMPERISHABLE.

There is a glory which the warrior longs  
To win, as to the battle-field he goes,  
Where war's red banner floats above the throngs  
Who meet, and perish 'mid convulsive throes.  
That glory may be his, but it will die  
As lightnings fade along the darkened sky.

There is a fame, for which the statesman's soul  
Toils earnestly through years of anxious thought,  
Until at length away the shadows roll,  
And all is his for which he long has wrought.  
But ah! how soon the hearts that he could thrill,  
Are gathered to the charnel cold and still!

The Poet sighs for honor and renown,  
And fain would win a never-dying name,  
And though he live to see the laurel crown  
Placed on his brow, and hear the trump of fame,  
Yet, when a few short changeable years are gone,  
Where is the crown that once so brightly shone?

The artist has such bright, angelic dreams  
As fill his spirit with a strange delight,  
And years of toil may bring a few faint gleams  
Of what is real to his longing sight;  
But all the brightness of his name shall fade,  
When Time defaces what his hands have made.  
There is a glory that shall never die—  
A rapture that is not of mortal birth:  
Its fountain is beyond the azure sky,  
And yet it may be seen by us on earth;  
And if we taste it while sojourning here,  
It gives us glimpses of a higher sphere.

It is for this the Christian nerves his heart  
And meets with calmness every ill and strife,  
It is for this he nobly acts the part,  
Assigned him in the changing scenes of life.  
It sheds a halo round him while he lives  
And when he dies a holier radiance gives

And when admitted to the sinless sphere,  
Which needeth not the brightness of the sun,  
He sees with vision all undimmed and clear  
And finds existence has but just begun;  
And as the bright eternal ages move,  
He grows in wisdom, blessedness and love.

Ulrich, N. Y.

## Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. XV.

BUCKERBERG, July 27, 1848.

BROS.:—There is little in or about Bremen to attract the notice of a stranger, or to merit a long visit. It is a neat little town of narrow streets, with a very pretty walk about the "ramparts," now levelled and shaded with trees. It is forty miles from the haven to which the shipping comes. Passengers are brought hence to the city, by steamers, and goods by lighters—awkward boats, which lay along the side of the town. It is a singular terminus for the "Ocean Steam Navigation Company's" ships. Bremen is not a central place, nor easy of access, except by circuitous routes from most parts of Germany. But business men will, of course, consult their own interest, and as the Bremen merchants volunteered more money than any other city, they con-

trolled the matter. But success under such disadvantages is questionable. The principal commerce of the city consists in tobacco and wine—two valuable articles by which to thrive. The country about it is low and sandy, and much of it unfit for cultivation.

Having seen all that was worth the trouble, we called on several, to whom we had letters, and spent a social hour with them, visited the reading-room, &c. We left at 3 o'clock for Hanover, where we arrived in four hours. Railroads are just the thing by which to travel in Germany, because a person fails not to see everything worth attention, for the simple reason that there is nothing to be seen. A few small villages are scattered here and there, with high thatched or tiled roofs, and a large church towering above everything else. The railroad buildings are new and built with reference to elegance and convenience, and afford a little relief to the sameness of the picture. The country is level and, where cultivated, the grains are small, giving promise of poor recompense to the hard labors of the poor peasant. The fields appear to us very singular, being destitute of fences, ditches or hedges. The various kinds of grains are growing side by side in small patches, with flocks of sheep and cattle grazing among them, tended by shepherds, with dogs trotting back and forth between the flocks and the grain.

Hanover is situated on a sandy plain, surrounded with a ditch, of course—what German town is not?—and unrelieved by trees. The houses are high, old buildings, in the real Dutch style, generally projecting each story several inches into the street, with high pointed roofs, and fronts filled with windows. It would not answer to tax glass here, as they formerly did in England. There is little to attract attention here. The Royal palace stands on a narrow street, with no outward attractions, save two little striped guard-boxes, looking like barbers' signs, at each end of it, by the gates of entrance into the courts. The old palace stands opposite, without even these attractions. The military establishments about the parade are the best buildings in the city. The column of Waterloo, inscribed with a multitude of names of officers who fell in that bloody havoc for royalty, stands on one side of the parade, surmounted by the Goddess Fame, with a wreath. The monument of Leibnitz stands not far off, an unpretending affair, but in everything appropriate. There is some appearance of life outside the town, towards the railroad station. Several buildings are in progress, which are spacious and elegant.

We lodged at the Hotel Royal, which fronts on the large square before the station buildings. The grounds are laid out into fine walks, ornamented with flowers. We retired early to rest. About midnight we were waked by music close under our window. We listened. It was grand, beyond description, heard at that hour of the night. It ceased, and then another song, most admirably sung by many voices. Three cheers were then given, when a man appeared at the window of a lower room and made a speech of twenty minutes, in a clear, distinct and spirited manner. His voice was soft, but strong, and his eloquence charming. Every word was distinctly echoed back from the station building, producing a most singularly impressive effect, as if a spirit-voice was repeating all he said. The most perfect stillness reigned, and the full moon shone clear and beautiful. He terminated with an allusion manifestly to the celebrated toast attributed to Archduke John, the newly elected President of confederated and reformed Germany—"No Prussia, no Austria, but *one* Germany"—though in different words, calling upon the people to be united, determined and zealous, for the honor, union and happiness of their Fatherland. A round of most hearty cheers was given, which made the welkin ring. Then followed in the sweetest harmony, "Our Vaterland." The singers had books and torches, and a leader beat the time. Another song, three loud cheers, and the multitude dispersed. All this was in honor of M. Hoffman



von Fallersleben, a writer not "all unknown to fame," who has been a warm advocate of the reforms of Germany, and, it is said, for his liberal notions, was formerly expelled from college. He was the speaker above named. Such speeches, well backed by the hearty co-operation of the people, will reform Germany; and it must be reformed before it can be republicanized. A great change must be wrought in the people before free institutions can be established here. There is too wide a distinction between the "peasantry" and the "people" and the "people," and the "nobles," to harmonize upon Democratic principles. Social and domestic reform, more than political revolution, is needed. These marked distinctions must be broken down; the peasant must *feel* that he is a man—the merchant, the man of wealth, and all earth-made noblemen, must learn that they are no more than men—they must be willing to fraternize with the peasantry, and have a common interest, before they can teach kings and princes the lesson which must be learned, that "he that exalteth himself shall be humbled." Another radical defect in the moral organization of German society is the most uncivil, ungallant, unchristian, ignoble, inhuman, mean, rascally custom of making the women work like men—harder than men—out doors—at all sorts of work—mow, reap, plow, spade the ground, saw wood in cities, carry it in on their backs, &c. The hardest and most menial service is put upon them. These are the nursing mothers of the present and the rising generations. They give birth to a *physical* race, but cannot train them to high moral and intellectual aspirations, to extended views of human rights, and rational liberty. We have heard much of German schools and German literature. There is much in this to excite our astonishment, and inspire gratitude. But these high privileges are not for the millions. They are for the hundreds. The peasants compare with southern slaves. Their condition is actually little better, though the *theory* of their subjection is not so wrong. These mothers must be taken from the field, and their sons from the garnished indolence and vice of the army, and made to fill their own places; then Germany may be redeemed, and become glorious among the nations. But so long as this social degradation is allowed to exist, there is no redemption for her. Her kings or her noblemen may rule and oppress her, and slaughter her sons—no Christian liberty or republican blessing can be hers. Let her daughters be taken from the fields where they now labor for three groshen (6 cents) a day, and put to the care of the household and the education of the children, let the assumed inferiority of the peasantry be abrogated, and a feeling of Christian equality and brotherly love be cherished; then shall the blessing of God, freedom, unity, and peace, be hers.

At present, I confess, I have little hope for Germany. The "Revolution" of last spring, which is everywhere spoken of as a vast affair, has done little in reality. It was a spasmodic movement, serving to show that there is life deep and latent, the very motions of which make tyrants tremble, and forced them to consent to share their power and right to oppress with a next inferior class. But the real interest of Germany, the Christian principle, was not consulted at all. The peasantry have derived no benefit and business is stagnated, so that the rich are, so far, actually the losers, and a reaction is taking place in their feelings: for there is a class of men in the world who measure principle by interest, and will not see through the hazy present a bright and glorious future—in temporary personal loss, a permanent general good. The religious principle with them goes no higher; their faith looks no farther. There are some such in America.

I have seen and heard enough to satisfy me that the work is not over yet; that the great struggle is to come. Kings will not yield their "divine right" to live in splendor and rule at will the millions under them, so easily. They ask more blood than has been spilt in the few-hour combats of Berlin and Vienna. And as the big kings

bray, the little princes must chime in, so that royalty is becoming united for its own security. A council has just been held at Potsdam, near Berlin, at the Sans Souci, the summer residence of the Prussian King, to resolve upon some course by which to preserve their crowns and purses from the republican tendency of parliamentary movements at Frankfort. They are becoming alarmed. The selection of Archduke John, the uncle of the Emperor of Austria, a man of great popularity among the people, has greatly annoyed them. They had hoped that either the Prussian or Austrian monarch would have been selected, and thus their power become more firm, and their thrones more secure than ever. They are disappointed, and now regret their too ready consent to the Frankfort Parliament. How to retrieve this step troubles them. They have no disposition to *go forward*, and so keep pace with the liberal movements of the day. Nor will they consent without a struggle to see their crowns melted into goldspoons for the people. The consequence, I fear, will be—it seems inevitable—that an outbreak, a general civil war, must sweep over all Europe. The kings *will not* yield without a struggle. It cannot be that the people will go back. The power of darkness is broken. The chains are sundered. If the people are only wise and true, the result cannot be doubtful. But here arises the difficulty. The peasantry—we say "common people,"—have here, as in France, false notions of what liberty is. They want to be, at once, sharers, in common with others, of powers and privileges they do not possess and cannot use; for no man has taught them. Of what advantage is a gold watch to a child? or a valuable library to men who cannot or will not read? The people expect too much. If they destroy Kings they expect to be princes themselves. They see others live in ease and plenty, and expect the establishment of a Republic will enable them to do so; for they have come to look upon Royalty as the cause of all their degradation. The responsibility rests with the middle class, which can do nothing at present, without a co-operation with the peasantry. If they prove true there is hope. Will they? That question can as well be answered in one place as another. There have been men in all countries who had a soul to govern the purse and guide the sword with respect to generalities. But too often *self* has perverted both from their legitimate ends. Will it do so in Germany? That class have the destinies of kings, the rights of the people and honor of nations in their hands. God grant they may prove true to their high behests.

But I wander from my narrative. My soul becomes so deeply immersed in the fate of Germany, and my sympathies are so taxed by what I see around me, that I forget myself. In fancy I see the gathered hosts garnished with their armor of death, sweep over these vast fields now laden with the fruits of industry, ready to fight to the death with their own brethren and countrymen—the trained soldiery, clad in martial trappings, fighting for pay to sustain the oppressors of mankind; while a people, long crushed, have felt the divine impulses struggling in them and urging them forward till, with Heaven's aid, they have reft their manacles, dashed off their yoke, and ventured to look in the face of Kings, and now stand up to defend their rights. Shall the combat come? Will Kings again give command, as too oft they have done, to slay those whom they are bound to protect?—if indeed, Kings are *bound* to anything. Then blood *must* flow, and Germanic towns be laid in ruins, thrones and palaces be consumed, war's gory scythe mow down mortals like the grass of the field, while, weltering in the streams of blood they raise the glassy eye and groan a dying recognition of father, son, or brother slain by their own hands! Shall this day come? I tremble, daily expecting to hear or see the elements combining for the terrific crash. The very air is sultry with the elements of war—God alone can prevent an explosion. His hand has been manifest in the past. A great work he is doing. But his ways are mysterious, and his judgments past



finding out. To his will let us bow, let come what may. The day will declare that what he does is best, and that man's best good could be attained in no better way.

From Hanover to Hamburg the road lays through a very uninteresting country; flat, sandy, and part of the way barren. Several villages were passed on the route, but none worth naming. At Hamburg, on one of the brooks, we should say bayous of the Elbe, we left the cars and walked near a mile to the steamer by which we crossed over to Hamburg, by a circuitous route among the islands. The approach to the city is very fine. A long line of ships, decorated in the gayest manner, in honor of the election of Archduke John, (which was followed by a general illumination in the evening,) lay along in front of the city, with the rows of houses and lofty churches surmounted by tall spires beyond. Altona, with its shipping and elevated streets, lay on our left. Among the flags we traced, with peculiar satisfaction, the "stars and stripes," floating on several ships. There is something in the sight of a flag of one's country in a foreign land, which wakes up indescribable emotions in one such as I never felt before. Home with its ten thousand charms, wife, children, friends, honor, glory, pride, responsibility, every true and noble quality, is aroused, and the full soul gushes up and chokes utterance, till tears flow freely out and give relief.

W. S. B.

## THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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### THE UNITED STATES CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

This body met in Hartford, Conn., on the 20th and 21st inst. The Council was organized by choosing Br. S. STREETER, Moderator, and Mrs. E. G. BROOKS and H. BACON, Clerks. The business of the Council was transacted in a spirit of great harmony. As we shall publish, in a week or two, the official account, we will not give a transcript of the business done, but proceed to speak of the Sermons and Meetings.

#### OCCASIONAL SERMON.

This was delivered by Br. M. Ballou, of Bridgeport, Conn. It was a finely written discourse, strong in argument, and correct in doctrine. It was delivered with great effect, and was received with the highest favor. His text was:

*"That the world through him might be saved."*

He stated this to be the ultimate purpose of Christ—to save the world—the whole world. The errors that have existed in regard to the nature of this work are rapidly becoming modified, and passing into less objectionable forms. Our views of it are very simple. We regard it as that process by which a sinful human being obtains deliverance from all the evils that are within him, and around him. A sinful state is an unnatural and an unhappy one; and the soul in that state shows by its struggles that it is out of the element for which God formed it, as the struggles of the caged bird indicate the loss of its native freedom. To redeem men—all men—from this condition, and introduce them into their true element, an atmosphere of purity and love, forms the chief purpose of Christ. We cannot hope that this work will be fully accomplished in this world, but so far as it can be realized here, two methods are deemed essential.

1. The direct action of Christian truth on the mind and heart.
2. By such modification of the outward circumstances of men as will serve to bring them within reach of the truth, and favor also its saving power.

Hitherto the great work of the Gospel has been internal.—Little change has it wrought in the external affairs of a people, that has not resulted from a previous modification of their views and feelings. It has spoken to the individual soul—solved for it the great problem of moral existence—shown it that the high purposes of God can be realized only by its perfect culture, and by the spirit of its great truths enabled it to overcome the world. This has been done by its direct address. But we can reach in this manner only a small class, the fortunately constituted, and the favorably circumstanced. The greater class, who need our efforts most, are almost wholly without the pale of our direct influence. For example the drunkard, the licentious profligate, were not in our churches, but in the haunts of vice. The vast horde of poverty-stricken and crime-begotten, are swarming through the dark alleys and by-places of our cities, where no preaching can hope to reach them. The whole vast body of criminals can be reached only indirectly. The slave and his master cannot be efficiently operated upon while their present relation continues. And if we preach the gospel to the soldier, it will have little redeeming influence so long as a wicked and fighting world assure him that the battlefield is the field of true glory. These, with many other facts, show us that there is a pressing necessity for the performance of a great work preparatory to the direct action of Christian truth upon the minds and hearts of a great portion of the community.

Although Jesus did not attempt this personally, to any great extent, he must have embraced it in the ultimate purpose of his gospel. And there would be more propriety in confining our efforts to direct Christian instruction, if the gospel from our lips could fall with the saving power with which Jesus, and Paul, and Peter spoke. But we have not their qualifications—their moral energy—their purity of life—their self-sacrificing philanthropy, and their all-conquering faith.

Waiving all these considerations, however, we cannot look for the triumph of Christian truth at present, unless the institutions, laws, and customs of society, which now shut men out from its immediate influence, are previously modified or swept away. A crisis has arrived which imperatively demands this.

Who is to do it? It must be done, under the blessing of God, chiefly by liberal Christians. Little aid is to be expected from the old Orthodox Church, Romish and Protestant. Eighteen hundred years has it had for toil in the great field of Humanity, and how little comparatively has it really done! It seems never to have understood fully the idea of Jesus, or comprehended the vast mission he had given it. It had been busied for ages with comparatively trivial questions of faith and ceremony, and overlooked the present wants of a suffering and perishing world. Many instances were cited illustrative of this fact.—It was too cold, too formal, too unsympathizing, too lifeless. Good men had become impatient at its want of effort, and sought for agents with which to toil for humanity, in other organizations. Little therefore was to be expected of it, in work of this character. It is given over to our hands, principally, and speaks most imperatively to our sense of duty. As a denomination we have not been so situated, hitherto, as to enable us to do much for its accomplishment, but we have much surplus strength now, not needed in doctrinal reforms, that might be devoted to it. And it is peculiarly an appropriate work for us.

Our position before the world is that of a reform sect. And unless we are true to that position, and carry out faithfully the great principles committed to our trust, we shall rapidly become obsolete, and the kingdom will be taken from us and given to a people who will bring forth its fruits.

In conclusion, he endeavored to show that this must be realized "through Christ." Christianity operating directly, and indirectly, is alone equal to the task, and is in fact the world's



st hope. Science and philosophy may do much for man, but they are planets that draw their principal light from that great central sun. Of themselves they have little saving power or moral force. Nor can we look for any recuperative energies, in human nature, by which it can redeem itself, unaided and alone. There are not in the history of any people indications of such a tendency. Nothing short of the great love of God, manifested in a superhuman, a Divine Redeemer, was equal to this task. This must be effectual ultimately in bringing the Son and the lamb together, and carry peace, love, and joy, around the world.

## WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

In the afternoon a Sermon was delivered by Br. G. W. Montgomery. It was a plain and strong discourse, forcible in its arguments, and happy in its illustrations. It was founded upon Eccles. xii. 7: "Then shall the dust return to earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." He proceeded to show that the spirit, or mind, came from God, who alone has mind to give; and, therefore, when the body returns to its kindred source, the mind must return to its parent-bountain, according to the affirmation of the text. The questions were then proposed: For what purpose does the spirit return to God? does it return to God to be confirmed in evil? or to be purified? It was shown in the answer to the questions that the spirit, in returning to God, will be purified from all evil. Whatever of strangeness some people may attach to this conclusion, was met by analogies drawn from nature, wherein laws have been established to remove whatever corruptions may exist, by purifying the corrupted thing. It is so with the atmosphere, it is so with water—both pass through impurity to excellence. So God has appointed means to purify the moral world. Jesus is the one whom God appointed to do that work. The speaker showed that Christ, in his office, is like the refiner who removes all dross from gold; to the fire which burns up man's evil works, and yet saves the sinner; and that he will accomplish the work of redeeming the race from sin, error, and death, and will confer upon all souls immortality and endless felicity. After adducing a variety of proofs to establish the fact of the ultimate salvation of all men, the speaker closed with a description of the glorious scenes which will be unfolded in that period, when Jesus, having subdued all things unto himself, shall give up the kingdom to God the Father, that he may be all in all.

## WEDNESDAY EVENING.

In the evening a Sermon was preached by Br. E. G. Brooks. His text was John xiv. 21: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." He commenced by saying, that Christianity is eminently a religion of love, and its great object is to bring all men into harmony with each other. To produce this was the grand social idea of Christ. As he looked out upon a discordant world, he saw what was needed to render all happy. In the very nature of the case nothing less could be desired. The character of Christianity shows that it was designed to produce universal harmony—harmony with God and each other and right. To this union the Psalmist referred when he said—Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

But how is this idea to be realized? what is the basis of such a union? It has generally been supposed that the basis was entirely doctrine. But there has been no union. All has been strife and contention. The church has been one great battlefield. Men love to aid their sect more than their fellow-men. In this world men see differently—they cannot in all things see alike. The basis of the church, therefore, cannot be a perfect agreement in doctrine. If it is, the idea of universal harmony is perfectly utopian.

But here we must not go to an extreme. Some say, we have no right to ask what a man believes, and that if he is a good man, we ought to give him our fellowship even if he denies Christ and God. Strange as it may seem, this has been boldly asserted. This is an extreme; and those who adopt it are as much out of the way as those who go for an agreement of faith in all particulars. I have no fellowship for a man who lays a sacrilegious hand upon everything sacred. It seems to me one of the most absurd things imaginable to say we must fellowship a man, who denies God and Christ, merely because he is a good man. I would not undervalue virtue. I set upon it the highest value. But I would not in setting a true value upon this, undervalue faith in God and Christ. There is a perfect absurdity in saying a man who denies God and Christ is a fit member of a christian church.

What then is necessary to constitute a Christian? The text answers. "He that hath my words and doeth them, is my disciple." It is not enough to have his words, we must do what they require. The faith then requisite to constitute a Christian is that which acknowledges the divine authority of Christ—to own him as a teacher sent from God, whose laws are holy and divine. Here all can meet—all sects can unite, worship the same God, follow the same Christ, and possess the same spirit. One word, and I have done. Because I have said that our basis of union should not be a creed containing all the details of doctrine, let none suppose I put a low estimate upon doctrine. Doctrine is important. Take it from Christianity, and you take away its power. But while doctrine is important, we must allow each one to interpret the words of Christ for himself, and own all as Christians who acknowledge Christ as their master and the Son of God. The sermon was concluded by asking whether God had revealed himself to the hearts of those present, and by urging all so to love as to realize the fulfilment of the blessed promise of the text.

After the sermon was concluded, the services were continued by addresses from different brethren. Father Streeter spoke first. He dwelt upon the extremes into which people run. We are sometimes all life and zeal, and at others we knap it most securely. This characteristic of men was illustrated by a reference to incidents recorded in the New Testament, in the history of the church, and the present condition of the church. A few years since all Christians were full of life; now all sects are morally dead. Christ had none of these extremes. He was no fanatic, and he was never lifeless. An allusion was also made to the extremes of society in regard to preaching. A few years since we had all doctrine, now we think we must have no doctrine, but all practice. Let us avoid this extreme. Doctrine we must have—and practical teaching we must have. Br. L. C. Browne spoke next. He dwelt upon an idea to which Father Streeter alluded, viz: the spiritual dearth in all the churches. He thought much was owing to the political campaign, and he hoped that when this was ended, then the church would wake up and do its duty.

Father Ballou spoke next. He dwelt upon that beautiful figure by which Isaiah represented the gospel: With joy shall ye draw water, &c. Now, said he, good eating and good drinking must be good living. Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, The water that I shall give you shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life. But where shall we find this well of water? I answer, in the precepts of Christ. Jesus says "Love your enemies." Now obey this, and you shall find peace. Do you want another rule. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Then go to fashionable watering places, and spend time and money there for that which is not life. Isay then come to Christ and you shall have life. Jesus will be with you, and you will obey him.

Br. Miner spoke next. It was the object of his remarks to



show that the way of virtue is pleasant—that the reward of obedience is the direct effect of keeping the law of God. He also showed how it is that we are made alive by the religion of Christ. On this point, he dwelt chiefly upon the assimilating power of Christianity. We are influenced by the company we keep, by the works we read, by the characters we contemplate. So by faith in Christ we are made like him.

Br. D. C. Tomlinson spoke next. His remarks were brief. He noted an incident about the son of a pilot, to show the value of trust in God.

Br. Montgomery followed. He dwelt upon the value of faith, which he illustrated by several touching incidents. The meeting was concluded by remarks from Br. Soule.

#### THURSDAY MORNING.

On Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, the friends assembled at the grave of WINCHESTER, one of the greatest and best of the early heralds of our religion in this country. The assemblage was very large, and the services intensely interesting. An earnest and devout prayer was offered by Father Ballou, which was both appropriate and affecting. An address was delivered by Father Streeter, which, in appropriateness and eloquence, is seldom equalled. In thought, in language, and in the manner of its delivery, it was one of the finest efforts to which we ever listened.

#### ADDRESS.

The remarks of which the following is a very imperfect epitome, were offered during a respite from duties, which admitted of scarcely an attempt at preparation. They were almost entirely the suggestions of the moment. To recall and commit them to paper is, therefore, impossible. This meager sketch, however, will give the reader some faint idea of what the speaker aimed to express.

S. S.

Fathers and Mothers, Brethren and Sisters, Friends of a truly liberal christianity, and of the great and good men who have defended it: The place where we are met, and the occasion which has called us together, are marked by a peculiar solemnity, a deep and subduing awe. Their tendency is to awaken mingled emotions, to exert a thrilling and hallowed dominion over the mind and the heart, to give a new tone and character to the acts of subsequent life.

We are in the region of tombs, in the midst of the homes of the dead, surrounded by the lone and noiseless resting-places of those that once were, but now are not the tenants of earth. We are at the grave of Winchester, an eminently great and good man, a meek and devoted christian, a faithful servant of God, a single-hearted, laborious and successful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, "the Saviour of the world." His were a name and a career destined to be immortal. He was a model of pulpit eloquence, and of ministerial fidelity, and we have come to hear him preach, to receive from him a lesson of wisdom, of truth, of duty, of hope, of encouragement; not from the living and persuasive lips which charmed the throngs that gathered around him in the days of his flesh; but from the voice of his history, from the testimonies of his devout and exemplary life. It was my good fortune to hear that wonderful man, during his brief but brilliant mission on earth, and at the precise point of time, when he was in the very zenith of his popularity and renown. I shall never forget the time, the place, nor the emotions awakened within me. It was nearly half a century ago, and yet the raptures of that memorable treat, are as fresh and vivid in my recollection and feelings as though it had occurred but yesterday.

There was an indescribable something in his manner, in the tones of his voice, in the look of his eye, in his whole aspect, in all his movements and acts, in every thing about him, a singularly serene, solemn and unearthly earnestness and intensity of feeling, which arrested and held the attention of the

hearer, and from the dominion of which he had no power to disengage himself. As for myself, I sat through the service in a spell of bewildering ecstasy and wonder, gazed upon the inspiring form before me, and drank in the sublime and soul-subduing truths which fell from his lips, and gushed forth from the deep fountains of his heart. I felt not like a creature earth; but like some etherealized substance, wrought into globes of bliss, soaring upwards, and gliding about on the wings of a perfected beatitude.

It was, in truth, a time of strange and most delightful emotions; and I hope they will remain with me through life, linger and play about my heart, till quenched by the last pulsation of mortal existence.

But Winchester is dead. Fifty one years have completed their circuits, since his mortal remains were deposited in that lowly grave. There they still rest, slumber sweetly in their shady and beautiful home. It is a lovely place, a consecrated retreat, a fit residence for the wise and the good, after the conflicts and toils of life are all numbered and finished. And there, so far as the affairs of this world are concerned, will those honored ashes continue to rest, while age after age shall roll tardily away, and even "till the heavens shall be no more."

But truly may it be said of our venerated brother as it was of one in olden time, "He being dead, yet speaketh." This is a great and consolatory truth. Winchester, though long since dead, can still speak to the living on earth. Permit me then, to remind you of some of the mediums of his invaluable communications. These are to be sought in the more prominent incidents in his character and life. And,

1. He speaks to us through the medium of his early devotion to the great cause of religion and virtue. He did not, like many of the young in every age, waste the morning of life, spend the freshness and vigor of his days, in frivolous pastime, in the heedless chase of sublunary sports and recreations. No; he early let go his hold upon the world, upon all its riches, and honors, and pleasures. The elastic and buoyant powers of his youth were consecrated to religion, to the cause of God, of Christ, of humanity. What an example have we here? How valuable is it to the young? How worthy of their imitation? How greatly may they be profited by it? Most of us who are present are too far advanced in life to be personally benefitted by it. But O, what a powerful inducement may we all derive from this circumstance, and especially those of us who are engaged in the work of the ministry, to return to our respective fields of labor, and, with increased earnestness, urge upon the lambs of our flocks the vast importance of copying in their own lives the example of this young saint, of treading in the footsteps of this youthful servant of the most high God?

2. Our departed brother speaks to us in the readiness with which he received new developments of the Divine mercy to man, more enlarged manifestations of evangelical truth, and in the fearlessness with which he announced the convictions of his mind, and the expansion of his faith to the world. He "conferred not with flesh and blood." He was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." When the light of the common salvation burst upon his understanding, he at once proclaimed it in the ear of the world. And this he did at the most fearful sacrifice, the loss of friends, of reputation, of ease, and even of the prospect of gaining a subsistence for himself and his family. He halted not to make nice and prudent calculations with respect to consequences. These he left with Heaven. From a deep study of the scriptures, he learned that Jesus would "take away the sin of the world;" that "the living God was the Savior of all men;" that the time was coming, when there should "be no more death, neither sor-



row nor crying, nor yet any more pain," and he forthwith proclaimed the great discovery to friend and to foe, to all who came in his way. His place was at once with the pioneers of this grand but unpopular truth. He preached it everywhere; in the cities and hamlets of the North, in those of the sunny South, and even in the cot of the poor slave, as he bent beneath the weight of his yoke, and writhed under the anguish of his galling chains. Nor did he stop here. He passed over the mighty waters, and proclaimed the gospel of a world's salvation in the ear of Europe. O, how much do the timid and the time-serving of the present day, need a lesson of this sort, a word of rebuke and of encouragement from this departed hero in the army of Christ.

3. The saint who sleeps here speaks to us in the language of his various publications. The principal of these are the "Ingathering of the outcasts of Israel;" the "Dialogues on Universal Restoration;" the "Process and Empire of Christ;" the "Three wo Trumpets," and the "Lectures on the Prophecies." And who can estimate the amount of good which these productions have done in the world, and will yet do; the floods of light they have poured forth; the oceans of tears they have dried up; the sum of misery they have removed from the benighted and the despairing? No book, perhaps, was ever written, which has been the instrument of more conversions to Universalism than Winchester's Dialogues; and who can count the number which will hereafter be effected by it? It was the first work, except the Bible, which I ever read on the subject of the great salvation; and it may yet prove to millions what it did to myself, an argument for truth positively irresistible.

Like all human productions, it no doubt has its errors; but with all its defects, it contains a mass of arguments in favor of the salvation of all men, and an array of biblical evidence for the truth of that sublimely glorious doctrine, which are literally and forever unanswerable. The Lectures on the Prophecies are a masterly production. They are truly a monument of untiring industry, of profound and patient research. They too have their defects, their marks of misconceptions, and misconstructions of the divine word; but notwithstanding all these, they form an exceedingly valuable work. It proves beyond all question, that taken in their most literal acceptation, the holy scriptures plainly teach, and fully sustain, the great doctrine of universal redemption through the blood of the cross.

4. The honored champion of the truth as it is in Jesus, who reposes in that lowly grave, speaks to us in the eminent virtues of his life; in the sweetness of his disposition; in the equanimity of his temper, in a word, in the purity and excellence of his whole course, both as a minister and a private christian. In all relations, and in all respects, he was probably as perfect a model for the good to imitate as humanity ever furnished. Time, however, will not allow me to enlarge upon this particular. Suffice it to say, that his whole life was exemplary and beautiful, a practical and finished commentary upon the blessed doctrine which he so ardently loved, and so ably and successfully defended.

Brethren and friends, I have done. We are about to retire from this awe-inspiring place, this lovely retreat, hallowed to all of us by memories the most sacred; and as we leave it, as we move slowly and solemnly away from the tomb of our revered friend, let us each for himself, and with full purpose of heart, fix our thoughts on the incidents and circumstances in his admirable life, which we have now briefly surveyed; and lifting our souls in solemn prayer to Him who sitteth upon the throne of heaven, firmly resolve, that we will "go, and do likewise."

The services were concluded by singing the following beautiful hymn, written by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, for the occasion:

#### PILGRIMS AT THE GRAVE OF WINCHESTER.

Sacred dust! in silence sleeping  
Underneath this shaded sod!  
Sainted spirit! fled to heaven,  
To thy Savior and thy God!  
Lo! a mingled train, we gather  
Solemnly and softly here!  
On our lips an anthem trembles,  
In our eyes a gathering tear!

Winchester! devoted Teacher!  
Many a year has rolled away  
Since thou, in thy manhood's summer,  
Meekly here thy head didst lay.  
Fifty springs their blossoms round thee,  
With a loving hand, have spread;  
Fifty chill and hoary winters  
On thy grave their snows have shed.

Yet fond memories of thy virtue  
Many a living bosom fill;  
We, another generation,  
Cherish, love and bless thee still!  
Blest departed! dost thou hear us?  
Art thou bending o'er us now?  
O, then let thine angel spirit  
Fill our hearts and light our brow!

Be with us while here we linger;  
Teach us how to work and love;  
Follow our departing footsteps  
With a blessing from above.  
True disciple! O, not vainly  
Hitherward our feet have trod,  
If thy life the lesson teach us  
Of fidelity to God!

#### THURSDAY FORENOON.

The Sermon was preached by Br. T. J. Sawyer. This was a strong Sermon, ably written and finely delivered. Its views were not only correct, but highly important. His text was Matt. 28: 18—20.

In the introduction, reference was made to the circumstances under which the text was uttered. It was after the crucifixion and resurrection of the Master. He was now the conqueror of death. It was his last meeting with his disciples. It was on a mountain in Galilee. The time, the company, the occasion, was one of solemn interest, much heightened by the words of Jesus in the text.

His power was the ground of the command in the text. God had given him the power, and in consequence he was authorized to give this command.

When Christ came forth from the grave, it was as the Head of every man; all partition walls crumbled into dust, and he commanded his disciples to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The first duty of every minister is to preach the Gospel, or to preach doctrine.

I know, said the speaker, that many have an aversion to doctrinal preaching: they want something nicer. They would go to a fashionable church, to hear something beautiful, philosophical, and return home with a sort of halo around their heads, through which they cannot see anything very clearly.

The minister should preach all the truths of Christianity. This is doctrinal preaching, and in this sense doctrinal preaching is absolutely necessary. Christ is an infallible and authoritative Teacher, not to be compared with Plato or any other philosopher. The doctrines of Christ are in the Bible—they



are all there. I am aware that this cramps some aspiring persons, claiming to be Christian ministers. They would have something better and nobler! I pity such persons.

Christ preached *doctrine*. He could not establish a religion such as his without this. And if Christ preached doctrines, then his ministers should preach them. The doctrines of Christ stand out on the divine record prominently. Christ taught the existence of God; this is a *doctrine*. He taught that God is *good*—loves his enemies, and is kind to the unthankful and evil. Strike these *doctrines* out of the world, and we have no Christianity. Doctrines underlie Christianity, and are essential to it. Christ was the greatest *doctrinal* preacher that ever lived.

We must preach the impartial goodness and paternity of God. Some complain of such preaching. No doubt, there were those anciently who disliked such preaching as was dispensed by Christ.

Doctrinal preaching is necessary for the people. The disciples went out to do—what? If they had no *doctrine* to preach, what did they go out for? They *did* go to preach doctrine, all the doctrines Christ had inculcated concerning God, his own mission, and its results.

Doctrine is *necessary*. Go into a Church where doctrine is preached, and into another where flowers, and sunbeams, and philosophy are the common themes of discourse. In the former, people are made acquainted with the Bible, and are led to study it. In the latter men may learn much of literature and the fine arts; but what do they learn of true religion?

In this world of sorrow, doctrine is necessary for the consolation of the afflicted. Preach it then as an eternal reality, and it will bind up the broken hearted, and comfort those that mourn.

If we would make men *moral*, we must preach *doctrine*. Christ preached doctrines; they constituted the fundamental principles of his religion. He taught *moral* doctrines. The morals of Christianity rise from its doctrines, and could not subsist without them.

Doctrinal preaching is necessary to the prosperity of our societies. A society may be kept together without this by an able and eloquent preacher. The people are drawn around him as steel dust is attracted by a magnet. But if he gets the bronchitis, or dies, or, from any cause, leaves them, their bond of union is gone, and we can expect nothing further from them.

There is no room in the world for a religion of flowers, rainbows and gewgaws—it might do among sharks in the ocean.

We should preach doctrine—our distinguishing doctrine. For this we were raised up. This is our peculiar work, as Luther had his peculiar work.

But we should not preach this *exclusively*; we have other important doctrines, all of which are of a moral tendency and should be faithfully dispensed.

#### THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The discourse this afternoon was preached by Father Ballou. As life with him is hastening to a close, and as he has the love and esteem of all our people, a great desire was manifested to hear him. He retains his powers in a most remarkable manner. His voice is clear and strong, his memory good, and all his faculties are vigorous. His sermon was excellent. He took for his text:

"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."—John xviii. 37.

After a brief introduction, the speaker proceeded to remark, that the text contained an explicit declaration of the purpose for which Christ came into the world. He came to bear witness to the truth. That was all he came for. He did not come

to create the truth, or to make the truth, for such is not the province of a witness, but simply to declare a pre-existing fact. When we consider the several particulars, embraced in his testimony, we shall discover that it was no mean or unimportant truths that he came to declare, but it was a matter of transcendent importance to the human race.

1. He bore witness to the divinity of his own mission. This he did not by words merely but by his works. His works—his miracles of love and mercy, were the evidence that he presented, and these were sufficient proof. Even the unbelieving Jews were constrained to admit the force of this testimony. Nicodemus, for instance, was heard to declare, "No man can do these miracles, that thou doest, except God be with him." And such has been the case with all who have a mind to perceive the force of testimony, or a heart to feel its power. Enough of the people were convinced at that time to answer the purpose embraced in the divine economy. And in God's time all will feel the same conviction. If the truth could not be rooted out in its infancy, we think men will hardly succeed in destroying it now.

2. Christ bore witness to the truth of Moses and the Prophets. This he did, not by works, for they were not needed for this purpose. Having, by his miracles, established his claim to the character of a divine and authoritative teacher, his word is therefore a sufficient testimony. If then he testifies to the truth of what Moses and the Prophets have said, we must believe them also.

3. Jesus bore testimony to the character of God, and of his eternal and inalienable love to mankind. He testified to the paternity of God. He did not by his testimony make God our Father, nor did he attempt it, for he understood his duty as a witness better. God was our Father before Christ came, and when he came in the character of a witness, it was to make known that fact. You might as well undertake to remove all creation, said the speaker, as to remove the love of God. And again, in speaking of the many exhibitions of that love, he exclaimed, O Son! thou hast preached eloquently a great truth, (the truth of God's Love,) but that truth is older than thou. The moon and the stars are younger than that truth.

4. Christ bore witness to the truth of man's future existence in the resurrection state. And this he did not only by his teachings, but by his glorious and triumphant resurrection. Speaking of the resurrection of Christ, he exclaimed, "Either God wrought the miracle of raising Christ from the dead, or the devil wrought the miracle of making the people believe it."

We regret that the crowded state of our columns, and the imperfect state of our notes, will not allow us to follow out the argument under this head, or to give the conclusion, which, in words of burning eloquence, moved and warmed the hearts of all, who were so fortunate as to listen to it as it fell from the lips of the "old man eloquent."

#### COMMUNION SERVICE.

After the conclusion of the Sermon by Father Ballou, the Communion was administered. Father Streeter and Br. Miner presided at the table. We regret that we have not room for their remarks. They were excellent and effective. The occasion was one of great enjoyment. A large number partook of the Supper.

#### THURSDAY EVENING.

The discourse, this evening, was preached by Br. E. H. Chapin. His subject was important, and beautifully presented. He spoke with power, and all were highly gratified. His text was, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."—Matthew v. 17.

Br. C. introduced his discourse by speaking of the manner in which the greatest benefactors of the race—its true Teach-



and Reformers—have been treated by their own genera-

He alluded to the fact that these have been similarly understood by men of exactly opposite ideas and motives. *ultra-conservative*, on the one hand, and the *lax and unbending* on the other. Both of these classes considered the work of the Teacher and Reformer as destructive of existing institutions: but while the first demurred, the second rejoiced at it. Both his work was grossly misunderstood—for it was not one of *destruction* but of *fulfilment*—the gathering up, or re-creation, of all the good in old forms and institutions, into a new formula—a refining and expanding, but not a destructive power.

Br. C. then applied his remarks to the work of Christ, which, unnecessary to say, was not one of destruction but of fulfilment. He did not abolish the essential character of the old dispensation. He *carried out* that dispensation—made it more wise and stringent. The speaker then proceeded to say that fulfilment is, in fact, the grand characteristic of Christianity, in its relation to Judaism, and to all truth and goodness, finished before and since its advent. Christianity fulfils, by re-creating and re-affirming those, and by completing the void left by these left unsatisfied. Br. C. then went on to consider fulfilment and not destruction as the universal law. He illustrated this by reference to nature—to the formation of individual character, to reforms, and to the history of the Christian Church. He closed by re-affirming the fact of fulfilment is the great and abiding work of Providence. Christianity is the chief agent of new work. He referred to fulfilment, universal harmony, and reconciliation, as the great purpose of God. Finally, he urged responsibility resting upon each, in his individual capacity, to fulfil in himself, the great work of truth, love and holiness. The space we have occupied in reporting the Sermons, leaves us no room for comments. We can only say, the occasion was a most happy one, the preaching was all good, and everything passed off in the most pleasant manner. The friends in Hartford were kind and attentive, and are entitled to the thanks of all who love the cause of truth.

#### PREACHERS PRESENT.

MAINE—E. G. Brooks.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—N. R. Wright, J. E. Phelps, S. Laws.

VERMONT.—W. S. Ballou, G. W. Bailey.

MASSACHUSETTS.—H. Ballou, S. Sreeter, A. A. Miner, T.

Cook, W. R. G. Mellen, J. M. Usher, L. Ballou, A.

Wood, S. Bennett, A. W. Mason, R. O. Williams, A. A.

Room, G. W. Anderson, J. Britton, J. H. Moore, J. J. Locke.

CONNECTICUT.—M. Ballou, T. J. Greenwood, H. B. Soule,

C. Browne, T. Borden, 2d., T. J. Elliott, J. H. Farnsworth,

P. Livermore, A. L. Loveland, L. Holmes, E. W. Reyn-

olds, M. Goodwin.

RHODE ISLAND.—H. Bacon, J. M. Cook, C. Damon.

NEW YORK.—T. J. Sawyer, D. Skinner, E. H. Chapin, O.

Skinner, J. M. Austin, G. W. Montgomery, H. Lyon, W.

Waggoner, D. C. Tomlinson, O. Roberts, S. J. Hillyer,

J. Bulkeley.

NEW JERSEY.—J. W. Dennis.

PENNSYLVANIA.—S. Ashton.

INDIANA.—C. Crayen.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—A. Fuller.

#### DEFERRED ARTICLES.

We trust that no apology will be needed for occupying so large a share of our columns with the proceedings of the U. S. Convention. In consequence of the crowded state of our columns, several interesting articles must be deferred until next week.

#### SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Agreeably to previous notice, this Convention met at Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday the 19th inst., and was organized by choosing Br. D. Skinner, Moderator, and Br. J. M. Usher, Clerk. At three o'clock in the afternoon the people assembled to hear a sermon from Br. J. M. Austin. After prayer by Br. H. Lyon, and singing by the choir, Br. Austin proceeded to the delivery of his discourse. It was an admirable production, worthy its talented author and the occasion. The text was Isaiah, xxviii. 22—26. He commenced by speaking of the importance of an early religious education; and said that though the S. S. Convention was thought by some to be of little consequence compared with the United States Convention, he felt that it was quite as important as that. We ought to give a large share of our attention to the training of the young. The text says, the husbandman tills the soil to raise his grain. He knows that though his land may be rich, it will not yield him a harvest, unless it is cultivated. He therefore plows it, and sows his seed, and works diligently in his field. We ought to be as wise in spiritual matters. In the minds of children God has prepared a moral soil; and if we will cast in the seed of truth, and watch and guard its growth, we shall have a harvest of rich virtues, and unless we do this, we cannot have this moral harvest. And how strange it is, that men should suffer their children to grow up without any religious culture, and be so untiring in their efforts to till their lands. Solomon says, Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. If a child is not trained up as it should go, it will come up its own way, and that will very likely be the wrong way—the way it should not go.

Br. Austin next proceeded to speak of the fitness of Sabbath Schools for the work they were designed to accomplish. The singing, the prayers, the place, the lessons, the counsel of the teachers and superintendent, all have an influence, and render the Sunday Schools well adapted to their end. They are great helps to parents in the culture of their children, and they are a great blessing to those children whose parents wholly neglect their moral culture. There are many children thus unfortunate. The number is very great who have no moral instruction at home. All the moral culture they have, they owe to the Sabbath School. Teachers often feel discouraged when they find no disposition on the part of parents to help them, but they should not; for a word dropped on the tender heart of a child, may be to it a guardian angel, defending with the sword of truth the citadel of its soul, and making its voice ring through its deep chambers even in the hour of revelry.

He next proceeded to speak of the influence of Sabbath Schools on the tendencies of the age. There is a growing disposition to neglect religion. While the arts and sciences receive their due amount of influence, religion is treated with indifference. We have wars and revolutions, and men are interested in these, but they have no interest in religion. The Sabbath School is well fitted to check this tendency, to correct this evil. It is a conservative power that will do much for the salvation of the world and to give religion control over society.

The next topic introduced was the influence of Sunday Schools upon our denomination. All our children should be instructed in the doctrines and principles of our religion. They should be educated in our faith. He would not make them sectarians in the common sense of that word; but he would have them love our sect for its doctrines, and not our doctrines for their sect. His remarks on this head were admirable, and as we have a full report of them, we will give them to our readers next week.



In the evening the following resolutions were submitted, and after remarks from different brethren, were unanimously adopted;

1. *Resolved*, That Br. A. A. Mires, J. G. Adams and J. M. Usher be a committee to consider the expediency of organizing a United States Sabbath School Convention, and is thought proper to take measures for the organization of such Convention and to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the same, and report at a meeting of Sabbath School friends to be called on the day previous to the meeting of the U. S. Convention of Universalists in Sept. 1849.
2. *Resolved*, That the Sabbath School is an important aid in the moral and religious education of the young, on which must rest our strongest hope for the welfare of our country, the success of our religion and the progress of our race.
3. *Resolved*, That in order for the S. School to be successful in the accomplishment of its mission, there must be a thorough home preparation for it—a preparation that not only reaches to the presence and punctuality and recitations of the children, but which, by family devotion and by religious conversation, assures them that parents value the religion they would instil into their young and tender minds.
4. *Resolved*, That it is very possible to secure to children definite, moral and religious culture—that the obstacles to be surmounted in the accomplishment of this work, are to be sought, neither in any deficiency in the resources or fitness of truth nor in any want of susceptibility in human nature to the influences of truth, but in the lack of qualifications on the part of parents and guardians, and in the incidental influences to evil by which the young are assailed.
5. *Resolved*, That we earnestly recommend to the patronage of our whole denomination the "Gospel Teacher," our only publication specially devoted to the education of our youth at home and in the Sunday School; also the "Child's Gospel Guide," a juvenile weekly, both issued by Br. J. M. Usher of Boston.
6. *Resolved*, That the thanks of this body be tendered to Br. Austin for his able and profitable address, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

The evening meeting was one of great interest. The speeches were appropriate and powerful, and produced a fine effect. All left the house resolved to aid Sabbath Schools, and seek the religious culture of the young. The fourth resolution, relating to the Gospel Teacher and Child's Guide, seemed to us, as it did to many of the brethren, of a very questionable character. Those papers have been recommended very frequently in our Sabbath School meetings, and we can see no reason for commending them to public patronage, more than the one published by Br. Gurley, or than those papers which have a youth's department. We would not be fastidious, but we do not like anything which appears like a desire to make a gain of godliness. The papers are good, and we hope that they will be well sustained.

#### OUR NEXT VOLUME.

A new volume of our paper will be commenced on Saturday, Nov. 11. As soon as certain arrangements which we have in contemplation for the improvement of the paper, are completed, we shall issue our prospectus. In the mean time, we respectfully ask our friends to do what they can to aid us in extending our circulation, and we pledge ourselves to spare no pains to deserve a continuance of their favors. We would also renewedly request those who are in arrears for the present and past volumes of the paper to send in their dues without delay. If no immediate opportunity presents to send by private conveyance, it will cost but a trifle to inclose it and send it by mail.

## Secular Department.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

The Steamship *Acadia*, Captain STONE, arrived at Boston 5 1-2 o'clock yesterday morning, having sailed from Liverpool on Saturday the 9th inst.

The steamship *United States*, Captain HACKSTAFF, 1 Cowes on Sunday, 3d inst. at 3 o'clock, with eighty passengers and a large cargo of fine French goods. After proceeding far as the Scilly Islands, her condenser became damaged and she was obliged to put back to Southampton.

It is stated that it will be at least some four or five weeks before she will be able to repair this derangement of her machinery and be again fit for sea. The chief portion of her passengers had left her.

The *Hermann*, from New-York, arrived off the Isle of Wight on the 4th inst. and, in consequence of a thick fog, but while in charge of a pilot, got on shore in Gurnett Bay, near Cowes on the top, of the tide and although the engines were immediately reversed, it was found impossible to get her off. A special steamer, waiting off Cowes for the mails, went to her assistance. A tug steamer was sent to relieve the ship, and the coals were discharged into lighters. This was effected and at 3 P. M. on the same day she floated, and shortly afterwards anchored in Cowes Roads. Her coals were again put on board and she again proceeded on her voyage, without having, it is said, sustained any damage.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The weather continues fine in Great Britain, and the Grain market has declined to almost the entire extent of the recent advance.

The Queen, on the 5th inst. prorogued the two Houses of Parliament, by a speech from the throne, recapitulating the chief events of the session, and immediately afterward took her departure for Scotland.

Ireland continues in a state of profound tranquillity. The visit of Lord John Russell to Earl Clarendon, seems to furnish almost the only theme for speculation among the Irish politicians. The Premier landed at Kingston on the afternoon of the 1st inst. and was received with a certain degree of respect. Demonstrations of applause, or disapprobation, seem both to have failed.

FRANCE.—THE PRESS MAINTAINING ITS FREEDOM.—In France, M. de Lamartine has published a pamphlet defending himself from the various charges against him.

Public opinion has so unequivocally found its way to the Assembly, that Gen. Cavaignac has been compelled to deny his intention of suppressing the *Constitutionnel*. This journal and the *Presse* have now resumed their fierce attacks upon the Government, and the latter, wages open war against the Republic, in spite of Gen. Cavaignac's declaration that he will not allow the Republic to be impeached.

NEW LINE OF OMNIBUSES.—A number of the old stage-drivers, who have been without employment since the strike for 12s. a day have formed an association and commenced business for themselves. The Mayor having granted them license, a fine new stage made its appearance on Saturday, called the "Drivers' Own." Its route is through Blecker-st. and Eighth avenue. We understand that a number of other stages are now building for the same line.

"BUSHNELL'S HOT AIR FURNACE."—Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford Conn. has recently invented a Hot Air Furnace for warming houses &c. which is said by good judges to be superior to any thing of the kind in use. Mr. D. Brooks, stove dealer, has taken out a patent on it and is prepared to supply customers. Dr. B. refuses to participate in any manner in the profits. Several years since Dr. B. invented a parlor stove for burning hard coal, which is still used by many families as the best and most economical stove in use. The Dr. has a good deal of mechanical ingenuity about him and is capable of raising more heat from a given quantity of fuel, than any other gentleman of our acquaintance.—*Hartford Christian Secretary*.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: It preserves constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counterbalances all the afflictions and calamities that can befall us.



## Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

### A HYMN TO FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

A holy light is on my spirit beaming—  
Soft is its glow;  
Tears from these eyes, like summer rain are streaming—  
In joy they flow.  
Voices of love within the heart are ringing,  
Sweet are the lays;  
An upward flight my spirit now is winging,  
Baptized in praise.  
  
A holy rapture o'er my soul is stealing—  
Born from above;  
The heart hath found a balm, sweet balm of healing,  
FAITH HOPE and LOVE;  
The fair sweet skies, to kiss the earth are bending  
All lovingly;  
And earth-land songs with heavenly, now are bleeding,  
In harmony!  
*Eden Vale, Sept. 8, 1848.*

### 'THE DARK HOUR.'

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.—TRANSLATED BY META TAYLOR.

Most men, who live in the home-circle of their families, enjoy a quietude in the "dark hour" in quiet. Children grow restless about the time, but the elder folks draw over the fire, and sit musing quietly, or now and then exchanging a gentle word of affection. These are moments when the mind receives and imparts the most refreshing and purest thoughts. There seems to be a gentle reluctance to break the approaching darkness by lighting a candle; for all, unconsciously, have a certain feeling of the holy power of nature, which spreads out before us, so oft unheeded, a wonderful phenomena of light and darkness. Oh the cozy, comfortable chat in the dark hour; one sits looking at another under the flickering light of the fire, and the few words spoken are heard attentively: the eye, too, has repose, for the mind is undisturbed by the object on which it rests. A single word will fall upon the ear like an impressive note of music, and convey a feeling which long after finds an echo in the soul. A farmer Hagenmaier was one evening sitting thus in the parlor with his wife, his son, and his son's wife. The wedding of the young couple had taken place only the day before, and they occasioned by the event was fresh in the minds of all.—Some time no one spoke a word, and yet one feeling—perhaps one thought—filled their minds. Young Hagenmaier held of the hand of his wife, who sat beside him; perhaps the old man guessed the joy there was in his child's heart; he was seated in a dark corner, unseen, and thus at length broke the silence:—"Ah, children, 'tis an easy matter to talk of loving one another with your whole heart, and to promise to hold fast your love through life; but when it comes to the point, and to have to yield to each other, to control the will for mutual improvement, 'tis often a difficult task, and words are not then enough. There are times when a man is ready to go through fire to serve his wife; but without a murmur, to drink a cup of poison which she may have let heedlessly grow cold—believe me that's a less easy matter. The words of scripture are full of meaning, which tell us of the foolish virgins whose lamps were extinguished when the bridegroom came: for many a heart is hardened by self-will, whereas every one ought to be ready to catch and to enjoy the highest happiness. You see, children, in what love and harmony your mother and I live; do not imagine that this came without a struggle: I was especially obstinate and self-willed, for in my young days I had led a careless, independent life. Hark ye, I'll tell you two tales of the time soon after our marriage, and you may learn a lesson from them—I warrant me you will.  
Well do I recollect my delight the Sunday when I was to go to church with my wife for the first time. We had been sitting away the time unawares that morning, till starting up, she exclaimed, "Come, quick! we shall be too late for church." My wife ran to her chamber to dress. I was ready long before she was, and waiting for her: she had constantly some little thing to arrange. At first I begged her, in a gentle tone, jokingly, to be quick; but presently I called louder, intreat-

ing and urging her to make haste. Three times did I fill and light my pipe. Each time it went out, as I stood kicking my heels impatiently, calling to her at the chamber door. At such moments one feels as if standing upon hot coals, or, in other words, in the fidgets. My face was as red as scarlet when she at length made her appearance. I could not speak, and we left the house.

"We had not gone many steps, when my wife recollected something that she had left behind. All the keys had now to be got out—all the closets to be opened. I stayed waiting in the street, and it seemed to me an age till she returned. I thought of going to church alone, but I was ashamed; and when at last she appeared with a smiling face, and began to pull up my shirt-collar playfully, I turned angrily on my heel, and said in a gruff voice, "Go and dress yourself—you are long enough about it forsooth!" and we walked to church in this manner, without exchanging a word more.

"My cheeks glowed with vexation and anger, both with my wife and myself, as I entered the church. My wife went to her seat. Had she once turned round to look for me? I knew not. I leaned against a pillar, and was as stiff as the stone itself. From time to time I caught a word the clergyman said but instantly forgot him again, and stood staring at the roof and walls, and thinking what a lofty and cold building it was. This had never come into my head before; and I was angry with myself that my thoughts were so distracted, and that I could pay no attention to the sermon. It now occurred to me that this was owing to the misunderstanding with my wife: how indeed could I take to my heart what I heard at such a moment? I longed to make it all up, and looked round at her: she did not, however, raise her eyes, and this vexed me again. Was not *she* in the wrong? thought I; and ought not she therefore to beg my pardon for drawing and wasting my time in a way to drive one mad? Look ye, children, thus it is with a man when he gets out of temper, and deceives himself about his heart and conduct. I was angry with my wife even for being able to say her prayers so calmly, since she had offended me; and in this manner I behaved like a good-for-nothing fellow, both before and during church time, and embittered that hour which might have been one of the brightest and happiest in my life. Our misunderstanding might very likely soon have been at an end, if I could have taken my wife's hand, and spoken a kind word with her; but we were separated in the church, and it seemed to me as if our quarrel had estranged our hearts for ever."

The good woman was here going to interrupt her husband, but he said, "Nay, nay, love; let me tell my story out: I have another to follow; and then you may have all the after-piece to yourself. So you may imagine, children, that we soon made matters up again; for your mother, in her young days, was a merry soul; and whenever I put on a sour look, and was out of temper, she would laugh at me so good-humouredly, that I was forced to laugh too. And then I could not understand how it was I had been so pettish—and all for the merest trifle, not worth speaking of; but the fact is, when a man's anger is up, he does not understand this."

"Well, now for the other story: it is about just such another half-hour's trial of temper. The wedding of our cousin at Lichtenau was fixed to take place; we were invited to it, and were to be there punctually at a certain hour. The day came and it was high time to start—there was not a moment to lose. I had put to the old gray mare, which we had at that time, and stood cracking my whip at the door. Your mother seemed as if she would never come. I sent up every woman that passed to help her to get ready. I knew she would not like this, and I did it just on purpose to tease her. What business had she to keep me waiting there? When at length she did come, I rated her soundly. Your mother bit her lips as she got into the chaise, and she held her handkerchief up to her eyes the whole while we drove through the village; whilst I kept on whipping the old mare, till she kicked fore and aft. But when we got outside the village, your mother began to weep, and said, "For Heaven's sake, husband, how can you act thus, and put yourself and me both to shame before all the folks?"

"These words cut me to the heart: I recollected our first walk to church—my wife was now by my side. I threw the reins on the old mare's neck, and sucked the whip behind me: it was time to put reins upon myself, and I may say with truth that I have thoroughly repented my hastiness of temper. But you see how one can tell, from such trifles, as these, whether the true light still burns in the heart. The few minutes that I had thus twice to wait proved to me hours of trial; and thenceforth I learned to study the temper and enter into the wishes of others. Think of this, children, if ever you meet with a similar trial."

"Now comes the after-piece!" cried the good woman. "And you have forgotten to say, husband, that from that time I never



again made you wait, but was always ready before you. Come now let us light the candles: we have had enough of the dark hour."

They did so; bright faces lighted up with good resolutions gazed joyously one at another.

### HOPE.

BY GOLDSMITH.

The wretch condemned with life to part,  
Still, still on hope relies;  
And every pang that rends his heart,  
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way;  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emit a brighter ray.

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

### THE BLIND GIRL.

The poor blind girl! the poor blind girl!  
How sad a sight to see!  
She sits upon her little bench,  
Beneath her favorite tree;  
The branches waving to and fro,  
The blue and smiling skies,  
The sunlight through the twinkling leaves,  
Are nothing to her eyes.

The poor blind girl! the poor blind girl!  
She loves the summer flowers,  
She has a garden of her own,  
And wanders there for hours:  
But the roses and the jessamines,  
The pinks and violets blue.  
Alas! her eyes cannot discern  
Their difference of hue.

She has a pet canary bird,  
He sings the whole day long,  
And there she sits beside the cage,  
To listen to his song;  
He seems to know her from the rest,  
For when her step draws near,  
He chirps and answers to her call,  
Nor shows a sign of fear.

The poor blind girl! the poor blind girl!  
What can her pleasure, be?  
Her mother's and her father's face,  
Alas! she cannot see,  
Brothers and sisters too she has,  
And friends who all are kind,  
And they love her very tenderly,  
And more, because she's blind.

The poor blind girl! the poor blind girl!  
We look at her and sigh,  
And yet, she smiles, and sings, and seems  
As gay as you or I:  
Her heart is warm and pure and kind,  
And pleasant thoughts are there,  
Which are her constant company,  
And cheer her every where.

The poor blind girl! the poor blind girl!  
Her loss she cannot know,  
Forever sealed one fountain is,  
Whence many pleasures flow;  
But we, who are more blessed than she,  
Should of our joys impart,—  
Our love and kindness will create,  
A sunshine in her heart.

### GEMS AND REPTILES.

#### PART II.

Years had passed away. Blanch had become an exceedingly handsome maiden, with a skin like the embrace of the

rose and lily, and eyes clear, soft and blue. She was gentle and loving, like a child, with a smile always ready, a cheerful look, and a tear for a sad one. Some thought goodness alone, that made her so beautiful; others thought the kisses of the lady of the fountain, for she still sometimes appeared, when Blanch was sad or unhappy, and spoke words of hope and consolation.

Adeline too had grown a tall, proud girl, with a large body, eyes of glittering brightness, and a step like a queen. There were yet times when reptiles sprang from the mouth of the violent girl, in her moments of pride or irritation. Sometimes amid the splendor and triumph of a ball, she would be obliged to retire in the greatest confusion, for pride, and envy, and malice, would bring the reptiles to her throat.

Blanch still wept her pearls and spoke all sorts of precious things, and the fame of the two girls spread far and wide. Many came to see them, hoping they might witness things very strange. But the girls did not speak gems or reptiles to please strangers; they came unbidden, indicating always the exact state of their hearts.

In spite of the reptiles, Adeline had many suitors, for her beauty, was of the noblest kind. She contrived to keep Blanch out of sight, and so obscured in old uncouth garments, that her beauty was only noted by those who observed her closely; and saw her often.

So Adeline had all the lovers, and all the company to herself; and poor Blanch wore old clothes, and worked all day for her aunt and cousin. She gave them all her jewels, and tried to make them look beautiful whenever they went to grand balls, or parties, to which they were invited; while she staid at home, and did all the work, and then got nothing but blows and harsh words.

In this way, though Blanch was much talked of, very few had seen her.

At last, a gentleman commenced building a delightful little cottage close to the dwelling of the two girls. The garden was arranged with the greatest taste, and bowers with vines and shrubbery of every kind, and ponds filled with fish, and brooks with rustic bridges thrown over them, made all seem the work of enchantment.

Adeline did nothing but arrange her dress and jewels, and play upon her harp close to the window where the stranger directed the laborers; and when he would look up and smile, to present her flowers, she was good-natured all day.

Blanch was delighted, and tried very hard to make her cousin look beautiful; and did just as she was bid, which was to keep out of sight of the strange gentleman. Blanch thought it an easy matter to do this, for she did not much like his looks, and thought him not half so elegant as a young servant. Sometimes she saw in the garden attempting to arrange the flowers, and to transplant them; but he was so awkward, spilling the earth and breaking the pots, that she couldn't keep from laughing to see him work—then the master would appear, and scold and rave, and Blanch would find her eyes filled with tears in spite of all she could do.

She one day told Adeline she thought the servant much handsomer than the master, and there was that about him, that appeared much more noble.

Adeline was indignant, and said she was no judge, and many other things that proud, love-sick girls are apt to utter—but her mother seemed much pleased with the idea; thought it might be so, and winking to her daughter declared Blanch was quite in love, and it would make an excellent match.

Blanch had not thought of this, and she blushed and hung down her head.

Every day now her aunt and cousin tried to throw her in the way of the young servant, and even were at some pains to dress her and arrange her hair, that she might look becoming. Adeline, it is true, was too much occupied with the master to pay much attention to the affairs of the servant, only so far as to encourage his advances, for she thought this a fine way to dispose of her poor cousin, by degrading her into a marriage with a menial.

Poor Blanch was greatly distressed at all this manœuvring, and grew every day more pale and gentle, and a great deal more beautiful too; for love always softens, as it exalts the style of beauty.

She sometimes wished she had never seen him, for she could not help looking through the lattice where the vines grew thickly, to see him at work among the flowers, and he would sometimes look up, too, and she was certain he was growing pale and melancholy; and she thought it not unlikely that he might be in love with her cousin Adeline, and growing sad because there could be no hope for him.—And Blanch wept in holy compassion for the poor, young servant.

So she took her pitcher in her hand, and went down to the



fountain. She wept a long time, she could hardly tell why. Fontana came and kissed her cheek, and wiped her tears with gossamer muslin. Fontana saw that she smiled faintly, and looked quite sad, so she tried to talk of pleasant things.

"How I love you, Blanch," said Fontana; "you must have all you desire. What shall I do for you."

"Smile upon me, dear Fontana; there is no one else to love me—and when you smile I am quite happy."

There was a rustling in the bushes—Fontana had disappeared and the young servant stood beside her.

Blanch, hardly knowing what she did, darted away, but the stranger seized her hand and begged she would, stay, just stay for a moment.

"I know you are unhappy, Blanch; I have often seen you weep, and even now, I heard you say there was no one to love you. I love you Blanch, more than I can express—"

His voice trembled, and he kept his fingers to lips. Blanch looked up, and the kind, earnest look of the stranger, and the gentle tones of his voice, so wrought upon her young heart, all unused as it had been to kindness and sympathy, that she covered her eyes with her hand, and burst into tears.

They were not pearls; they were the natural tears of a young and trusting heart.

All at once she remembered that her cousin was waiting for the water; and disengaged her hand she ran home, leaving in her agitation, the pitcher at the fountain.

When she reached the house, both aunt and cousin were at the door, angry at her long absence—for the stranger of the cottage had that morning made proposals of marriage, and Adeline was impatient to arrange her toilet in the most captivating style.

"Where is the pitcher, you idling hussy?" they both cried in a breath.

"I left it at the well," replied Blanch, trembling and blushing.

"Left it at the well!" said Adeline, striking her on the face.

Blanch hesitated, but she felt the drops upon her face, and knew she ought to confess the truth. So she told all.

Adeline's anger gave way to the triumph of malice, for she was delighted to think Blanch would marry the servant of her own husband. So while she talked, the toads and snakes sprang from her mouth, but the family were so used to them, that they took no notice of them.

Poor Blanch only covered her face with her hands, while the pearls fell from between her fingers, and dropped among the grass at the threshold.

At this moment the young servant appeared at the door, bearing the pitcher of water; and he looked as if he knew just what it meant, when he saw the pearls and reptiles all about.

For many days nothing was seen of the young stranger, and poor Blanch grew quite pale and dispirited. Adeline was in high spirits: she ridiculed Blanch, teased and scolded her all in a breath, and then when she wept, she laughed, and said she should have the more jewels for her bridal. Blanch disliked Adeline's lover more and more every day; for though she thought he might be rich, he seemed low-bred and vulgar, and as ignorant as any doll about. And then he was so loaded with finery, he must at the very best be a conceited coxcomb. But as long as her cousin was pleased she had no right to say a word.

The day for Adeline's marriage arrived, and after Blanch had dressed her cousin, and done all the work she could do, before the arrival of the guests, her aunt took her and thrust her down into an old cellar, half filled with mire and water, that she might not be seen by any of the company.

Adeline looked splendidly, with her proud beauty and magnificent attire. The ceremony was just over, when they all heard the sound of carriage wheels and the trampling of horses. The bridegroom looked from the window, and was the first to go out and kneeled to the stranger. All was awe and amazement. The guests had just time to observe the splendor of the carriage, and the rich livery of the servants, and the six snow-white steeds, when a gentleman richly dressed in velvet and cloth of gold, entered the room.

"Where is Blanch?" he inquired, looking sternly around.

"Blanch is dead," replied the aunt solemnly.

"Dead!" repeated the stranger, turning pale, while the bridegroom stared with astonishment.

"Dead!" he again repeated, "it cannot be; ho, here, search the house," he cried to his servants.

The bridegroom would have gone too, but Adeline haughtily detained him.

The aunt rose in great rage. "I demand, sir, by what right you order my house to be searched."

"The right that the king has over the lives and property of his subjects," replied the stranger with great majesty. Then removing the plumed cap, and velvet cloak, the young servan

of the new cottage stood before them. Every head was uncovered, and every knee bent in the presence of the king. Adeline and her mother turned pale. The king went on.

"The fame of the goodness and beauty of Blanch had reached even to our palace, and I came here disguised as a servant, that I might learn the truth. I find the half has not been told me, and I have now come to claim her for my bride."

The servants returned, but could find nothing of Blanch.—Aunt and daughter tried to suppress their exultation.

At this moment the door softly opened, and Fontana appeared leading in Blanch, pale and trembling, but more beautiful than ever. She was dressed in robes of the most magnificent material, and diamonds glittered upon her brow and girdle, and pearls encircled her arms and neck.

Fontana laid the hand of Blanch within that of the king, who knelt to receive it, while the fair girl blushed and cast down her eyes.

"Thus," said the lady, "are the good sometimes rewarded even in this life."

Then turning to Adeline and her mother, she said, "I leave you to the punishment prepared in your hearts—to the envy, malice and hatred, that torture more than the fiends of darkness."

The same priest, who had married Adeline to the servant of the king, performed the ceremony for Blanch and her royal lover.

Fontana pressed the bride to her bosom, and Blanch heard again that sweet, low melody, as the beautiful lady of the fountain disappeared.

### THE CHILD TO THE TOMB.

The following eloquent anecdote is from the journal of a traveller in the East.

—A little child.

That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly over-cast. I met there one morning a little girl, with a half playful countenance, busy blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place which seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

"And why," I enquired, "my sweet girl, do you put seed in those little bows there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied with a half-wondering look; "they will light on this tree when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing to, you or each other?"

"Oh no!" she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead?"

"Oh yes, sir, but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there. I told her, before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone to heaven already. I trust."

"No, she sops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The line from this city to Boston has been in excellent working, order for several days back. We were informed at the Telegraph office, last evening, that a message dated Washington. 3h. 10m, was received here in one hour and twenty minutes from date. Several messages were also received yesterday from Boston and New-York which were dispatched from those cities on the morning of the same day.—*N. O. Delta, 13th.*



## YORK AND NEW YORK.

Mr. Bancroft, our minister at the Court of St. James, was an invited guest at the dinner of the Royal Agriculture Society, which was held in the city of York recently. In the course of a speech which he made at the dinner, Mr. Bancroft said:

"And I too, as I come here, must add my sentiments of joy at being now present, as it brings with it reminiscences of home (cheers) for on the other side of the Atlantic we love to give to the cities we establish—to the towns which we plant, and to the villages that mark the line in which the English language proceeds in its course towards the Pacific—we love to give them names that remind us of our ancient homes, (tremendous cheering)—and that beautiful emporium of American commerce—the city that is starting forward more than any other in the race of prosperity—the city that gems the ocean side—the city that more than any other by its commercial relations binds together the two hemispheres—that city has taken the name of *New York*, and its people are not likely to forget the ties of consanguinity, (reiterated cheering) Thus I am naturally led by the manner in which you assent to these sentiments of friendship which I have uttered to congratulate myself, and to congratulate you that we live in an age when nations exult in the prosperity of one another, (cheers.) I rejoice that we live in an age when of all the trees that are planted, the husbandmen of every land invoke the choicest blessings of Providence on the tree of peace, (vociferous cheers) and pray that its roots may strike to the very centre of the earth, and that it may become so firmly rooted that its boughs may but rustle in the breeze of the stormiest revolutions, (loud cheers.)"

**MARRIAGES IN SCOTLAND.**—On Wednesday, a bill, which has passed the House of Lords, was printed by order of the House of Commons, "to amend the law of Scotland affecting the institution of marriage." This measure will effectually prevent Gretna Green marriages, as it is provided by the first section, that, from the 1st of January next, marriages in Scotland shall only be solemnized in presence of a clergyman, or by parties proposing to be married by registration appearing in the presence of the register. The word "clergyman" is to include persons authorized, and any person acting as such, without due authority, to be liable to an imprisonment of two years, but the validity of marriages so contracted not to be affected.

**LONG AND SEVERE DROUGHT.**—Our Cape towns—especially those below Barnstable—have suffered much from the excessive heat and dryness of the weather, which has now been prolonged to a period of over seven weeks. All the Autumn crops will be greatly diminished, and some will be almost lost. Indian corn is so shrivelled and backward, that our farmers do not think it will be worth harvesting, and are, in some instances, cutting up whole fields of it for fodder to supply the place of grass, which has failed also on all lands not low and naturally wet.—*Barnstable Patriot*.

**THE U. S. NAVY.**—The navy of the U. States now comprises seventy-eight vessels, of all descriptions, of which 11 are ships of the line, 17 frigates, 22 sloops-of-war, 11 steamers, 5 schooners, 7 store-vessels, 4 brigs and 1 razee, carrying a total of 2,174 guns. Of these, 258 guns are employed in the Pacific, 77 in the Mediterranean, 131 by home squadron, 76 on the coast of Africa, 74 on the coast of Brazil, 46 in the East Indies, 6 in the coast survey and 1 in the lake service; while 10 vessels are on the stocks, rating 610 guns; 15 in ordinary, rating 590 guns; and 5 others preparing for sea, rating 118 guns.

Mr. Hale, agent of the Post Office Department, at Winchester, Va. arrested John D. Fenton, on a charge of stealing letters from the Post Office since last June. \$2400 was found on him, and he acknowledged having burned drafts and letters. He also had \$800 in half notes in his possession.

**SEVERE STORM ON THE LAKES.**—A heavy gale from the South and East swept Lake Michigan on Wednesday. The night was altogether the most boisterous one known upon this Lake for years. The Steamer Nile, Capt. Blake, and the Propellers California, Oneida and Princeton, which were out during the gale, arrived here yesterday. The Nile, for several hours, was exposed to the whole fury of the storm off Sheboygan, the sea frequently breaking entirely over her, and as her veteran Captain Blake said, nothing being above water except the smoke pipe. The California was obliged to throw some fifteen tons of her deck load overboard, and much of the cargo was damaged by shipping seas.—*Milwaukee Sent.* 13th.

True modesty blushes for everything that is criminal. False modesty is ashamed of everything unfashionable.

**ASIATIC CHOLERA.**—Dr. Thomas Barbour of St. Louis, in the *St. Louis Republican* of the 14th describes a case of what he believes to have been true Asiatic Cholera, which came under his care on the 11th. The patient was Mr. H. H. Palmer, an organ builder who had the disease before in London. The symptoms, as described by Dr. Barbour, are exactly those of cholera, and the fatal termination was rapid, Mr. Palmer dying withing forty-eight hours.

**MACKEREL.**—Upwards of five hundred vessels arrived in Gloucester harbor yesterday afternoon, on account of the storm and were in port this morning. They were mostly mackerel catchers. That harbor, in the memory of the "oldest inhabitants," never before contained so large a fleet. The mackerel have bit gloriously for the last two or three days, and the whole fleet are lying in sight from the Gloucester House.—*Boston Journals*, 21st.

**CURRENT OF NIAGARA.**—The current of the Niagara river for the first five hundred feet below the Suspension Bridge, runs at the rate of nineteen miles per hour; for the next eight hundred feet it runs at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour—giving an average of about twenty-three miles per hour for the first quarter of a mile below the bridge.

## N. Y. ASSOCIATION.

This body will meet in Williamsburg on Wednesday, Oct. 11. The morning session for business will commence at 10 o'clock precisely.

Each society is entitled to two lay delegates; and it is hoped they will be appointed, and attend.

At the last session the Association recommended the appointment of two delegates from each Universalist Sunday School within its limits, to meet at the time and place of this session to form a Sunday School Conference. The several schools will please give this recommendation attention.

THOS. B. THAYER, *Standing Clerk*.

Brooklyn, Sept. 30, 1848.

## SUSQUEHANNA ASSOCIATION.

The annual session of the Susquehanna Association of Universalists for 1848, will be held in Prompton, Wayne Co., Pa., the first Wednesday and following Thursday, 4th and 5th of October. The Council will convene Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock. Public services will commence at half past ten. Friends from a distance arriving on Tuesday afternoon and evening, will find a committee at the Churnh to direct them to places of entertainment. We hope all the Societies in the bounds of the Association will be represented, and we invite our friends generally, and ministering brethren from a distance, in particular, to attend.

E. E. GUILD, *Standing Clerk*.

Will the Magazine and Advocate please copy.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Bulkeley will preach at Camptown Sunday morning, Oct. 8. In the afternoon at Jeffersonville, and in the evening at Middleville.

The stated Communion of the Lord's Supper will be observed at the Universalist Church, Newark, N. J., to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon.

**APPOINTMENT WITHDRAWN.**—Br. Collins will not preach in Egremont next Sabbath, as stated in our paper last week.

## BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. L. C. Browne, desires all communications and papers designed for him, to be addressed, after the first of October, to Nashua, N. H.

## Marriages.

In the Universalist Church, on Sunday evening last, in Bridgeport, by Rev. M. Ballou, Mr. JOEL C. PECK to Miss. MARIA WHEELER. Also, on Sunday evening, by the same, Mr. JOHN M. SHERMAN, to Mrs. ESTHER B. SHERMAN, both of Bridgeport.

## Deaths.

In Fishkill, on the 20th inst., OLIVE MARIA, wife of Morgan L. Mercer, and daughter of Stephen Yale, of Fishkill, N. Y., aged 21 years.